

THE
CONGRESS.

A

P O E M.

INSCRIBED

To the RIGHT REVEREND

J O H N,

Lord Bishop of *London.*

Compositis venerantur Armis.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS near the *Oxford Arms*
in *Warwick-lane.* 1714.

Price 6 d.

15476.127
Harvard College Library

May 7, 1912.

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THE
CONGRESS.
A
POEM.

O hush the melancholy Voice of War,
Tho' mild and lovely to be fear'd
from far ;
From Monarchies remote Respect to draw,
To sway the Globe, and give her Princes Law ;
To bid one Nation rise, another fall,
And keep in Poise this sublunary Ball :

For this of old was drawn the flumb'ring Sword,
Sounded the Trumpet, and the Cannon roar'd ;
For this the Blood of Thousands has been spilt
To mad Ambition and disastrous Guilt ;
For this on foreign Fields, with virtuous Pride,
Full many a Youth and many a Hero dy'd.
But by the force of Piety to gain
What CÆSAR by the Sword could scarce obtain ;
This is, M Y L O R D, a Glory wholly due
To *Europe's* Godlike Arbitress, and You.

LONG has the Muse forsook the Myrtle Grove,
The Seat of Pleasure and eternal Love,
With solemn Pace a frightful Field to tread,
In Slaughter drench'd, and smoaking with the
Dead ;
Dreadful she seem'd, distain'd with Human Gore,
Scarce was the mighty Name of MARLBRO' more.

The CONGRESS.

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But now the Goddess prunes her Silver Wing,
Sublime to soar, and Innocent to sing.
No more of *Gallia* shook with dread Alarms,
No more of *Blenheim's* Field, or *CHURCHILL's*
Arms ;
Harmless she dwells on each Pacifick Scheme,
Peace her Delight, and *ROBINSON* her Theme.

LET others boast the *Danube's* rolling Flood,
Their Trophies painted with *Bavarian* Blood,
Blaregnia's Wood, and fam'd *Ramillia's* Plain,
Their Thousand Captives, and Ten Thousands
slain ;

'Tis Your's to conquer, where the Victor's Arms
Have shook the Earth in vain with loud Alarms.

Long have their empty Triumphs been ador'd ;
Yours is a Work more worthy, *Peace Restor'd*.
'Tis easier far to draw than sheath the Sword.

The

The Time was once when STUART's Royal Son
(The Second of the Name to *Britain* known)
Stretch'd out with prudent but unhappy Hand
His rightful Scepter o'er this stubborn Land ;
The Time was then when Piety distrest
Was seen to shelter in a Statesman's Breast.
Then as the Prelate's Care upheld the Crown,
The Prince was ever grateful to the Gown.
Advanc'd on high, with envy'd Titles dreſt,
At once was seen the Patriot and the Priest.
O Glorious Principles ! thrice happy State !
Where to be Good, was surely to be Great.
How bleſt the Kingdom, and ſecure the Realm,
When Wisdom held the Oar, and Piety the Helm !
But as the rigid Laws of Fate decree
No State can long be happy, long be free,
So *Britain* felt — A Russian Race arose
To Order, Liberty, Religion Foes ;

Priesthood and Prince before their Rage gave way,
whilst foul Rebellion batten'd on her Prey.
But Oh how weak a Persecutor's Rod
Against a Church the Darling of her God!
For as when Heav'n the Sons of Earth defy'd,
And Jove his vanquish'd Thunder threw aside,
The lesser Deities, a Loyal Race,
Forsook the Skies, and shar'd their King's Disgrace;
But when at length, recover'd from Dismay,
Up from the *Nile* he led his sacred Way,
Rejoic'd the Spheres, the Stars more brightly shone,
And not a Godhead but resum'd his Throne.
So far'd it with the Church, a while she lay
Whelm'd with the Crown, but now in bright
Array
Again she triumphs, and her Sons again
(A Sober, Reverend, and Religious Train)
Share all the Happiness of ANNA's Reign.

Great is that Happiness, the Glory great,
Whilst You, My LORD, preside in Storms of State
To You our ev'ry Hour of Peace we owe,
To You the baffling of an antient Foe.
Long had that Foe, the Scepter'd Gaul, beheld
His Troops return diminish'd from the Field :
Oft had he heard of MARLBRO's mighty Name,
His Army's Terror, and his Leaders Shame ;
But all unmov'd, unmov'd the Tyrant saw
His Frontiers bowing to the Belgick Law ;
Whilst all proclaim'd his Loss, and ev'ry Year
Laid waste his Forts, and drew his Ruin near.
As Antient Rome, (the Fav'rite of the Fates)
When the fierce African before her Gates
Display'd his Banners, and her Chiefs defy'd,
Maintain'd her Majesty with decent Pride :
Secure he sat, and trusting to his Saints,
Forbore from Fear, and Womanish Complaints.

But when at length, instructed from the Skies,
The righteous ANNA bad her BRISTOL rise,
He who for many a rolling Year before
The Curses of Defeat and Famine bore,
Ev'n he at length gave way to strong Despair,
Sunk down at once, and begg'd an End of War.
The Grand Deceiver thus, who long had sway'd
The madding SYBILL and the *Delphick Maid* ;
He whose Delusions nor the Faithful Jew,
Nor all the Subtlety of *Greece* o'erthrew ;
Soon as he saw the Great MESSIAH's Birth,
Shrunk to his destin'd Hell, and left the gladsome
Earth.

O Peace ! how amiable thy Bloom ! how bright !
How do'st thou break, like Rays of cheerful
Light,
Thro' the rough Face of War, and gild the Gloom
of Night !

Such is the Face of Time, when gentle *May*
Comes cloth'd in Sunshine and serene Array :
As OCEAN stands affwag'd, when Storms no more,
Furl his rough Brow, and drive with furious Roar,
When VENUS rules the Skies, as Nature shows,
Such to the Earth is *Peace*, and *Peace* to you she
owes.

To you 'tis owing, that without controll
The Merchant sails secure from Pole to Pole ;
The Cannon's terrifying Voice no more
Alarms the Mariner, and shakes the Shore :
No more the Matron on her Midnight Bed
Beholds in Dreams her Son in Bondage led,
Nor in her Slumbers shrieks to see him fall
Beneath the Faulchion of a fancy'd *Gaul* :
The weeping Fair, forsaken in her Bloom,
Once more bestrews with Sweets her bridal Room,

The CONGRESS. II

Receives her Lord triumphant from the Wars,
Weeps o'er his Wounds, and counts his glorious
Scars.

And do's the indulgent Mother cease to mourn,
Absolve her Stars, and see her Sons return ?
And do's the widdow'd Bride recruit her Charms
To bless her Warrior, and reward his Arms ?
From all his Dangers is the Merchant free ?
Whom shall they thank, O whom but Heav'n and
Thee ?

On Heav'ns unwearied Goodness, and on thine,
Let all the Muses all their Praises join.

O could thy Charms, or their Commands,
excite

Their Darling ADDISON, their best Delight,
Of *Peace* and Peaceful ROBINSON to write,

12 *The CONGRESS.*

Ev'n HOMER's self the Laurel should resign,

And Utrecht's Walls the Walls of *Troy* outshine.

HOW would the Fancy rise, and Rapture

stream,

Would such a Poet write on such a Theme !

How would the Muse on STRAFFORD's Valour

dwell,

On Gallant BOLINGBROKE's undaunted Zeal !

And thou, O HARLEY, how wouldst thou be shown

The Pride, the Glory of the *Brittish* Throne !

How would the Lays with graceful Horror flow,

That told of GUISCARD's memorable Blow !

Then when a Russian with unhallowed Hand

Smote the *Palladium* of our trembling Land ;

And (what the *Roman* Tyrant wish'd in vain)

Had almost at one Stroke Ten Thousand slain.

How would that Scene a pleasing Pain infuse,
When told by ADDISON's Immortal Muse !

Or should the Poet in a milder Light
Present the Patriot to our ravish'd Sight,

How would the Numbers charm that sweetly told
Of Southern Empires and *Potosi's* Gold !

Of peaceful Seas round Silver Beds that flow,
Now grown familiar to the *Brittish* Prow !

See the glad Sailor on *Peruvia's* Shoar
Ballasts with Ingots and resplendent Ore,

Or pours his Negroes forth on *Chili's* Strand,
Reluctant and with Tears the Wretches land ;

Whilst he (his Sable Freight for Gold resign'd)
Takes in Exchange of Slaves, the Master of Man
kind.

The Royal *Hebrew* thus for Wisdom known,
Philistia conquer'd, and secur'd his Throne,

Soon as the Thirst of War began to cease,
Left Valiant *Israel* should corrupt in Peace,
To wealthy *Ophir* bad his Subjects run,
And they his Treasures dug, that once his Triumphs

won.

OF these some happier Bard, whose tuneful
Breast

The Muses Fire and PHÆBUS has possest,
Perhaps ev'n I, tho' now I sing in vain,
In time may touch a more exalted Strain,
In time may tell what Loyalty was shown
In ORMOND's strict Obedience to the Throne,
What Passions were subdu'd, what Courage quell'd,
When sorrowing he forsook th' embattl'd Field,
The scurril Taunts of *Belgian* Troops to bear,
Tho' sure of Victory, the Foe to spare;

His inborn Valour for the Fight to rein ;
Tho woo'd, intreated by the Great EUGENE,
Unmov'd to stand ! — and shall the Laurels now,
That shine on MORDAUNTS or on MARLBRO's
Brow,
With these compare ? O Flight secure of Fame !
Glorious Desertion ! and illusrious Shame !

SUCH are thy Heroes, ANNA, so resign'd
To thy Decrees thus duteously combin'd ;
Such and so loyal, *London*, are thy Friends,
Such, in a word, whom nought but Thou transcends.
How must that Heart exult with secret Joy,
That sees such Worthies waiting for Employ,
In radiant Ranks obsequious at her Side,
Swift to obey, their Loyalty their Pride.
Sure nor when *Lybian* JOVE's victorious Son,
His fierce Pursuit of Fame but yet begun,

Marshal'd a Race of Heroes forth, and led
His Princely Warriors to the *Gange's* Head ;
Nor when his *Greece* assembling from afar
Bade AGAMEMNON lead her Sons to War ;
Tho' with a thousand Keels he plough'd the Main,
Tho' Gods themselves compos'd his gorgeous Train,
Not then, ev'n then, so bright a Band was seen,
As that which circles *Brittain's* awful Queen.

ALL hail, you Champions of the publick Weal,
OXFORD and BOLINBROKE, for ever hail !
But chiefly Thou, *Thrice Glorious Prelate !* Thou,
To whom in Gratitude the Nations bow,
Guardian of *Brittain*, hail, 'tis thou whose Care
Bids Faction fly, and Anarchy despair ;
Bloodshed and Arms in vain the Fury breaths,
In vain her Serpents cure their angry Wreaths ;

By Thee discover'd thro' her each Disguise,
Defeated and abash'd the baleful Monster flies.

AS much in vain to thee I tune my Lays :
Where shall I end, or where begin thy Praise ?
Is there in *Europe's* far extended Bound,
Nay tho' we search the peopled World around,
Is there, ev'n there a Place so deaf to Fame,
That has not heard of thine and *ANNA's* Name ?
When *ALEXANDER* first, in Bloom of Age,
Push'd on for Glory with a glorious Rage,
Thro' a gay Scene his shining Race was run,
In Climes that smil'd beneath the *Persian* Sun :
Ev'n *CÆSAR*'s hardy Valour dar'd no more
Than to attempt *Britannia's* fruitful Shore.
To lose the Sun, and leave behind the Day,
Thro' Frosts and Darkness to persue your Way ;

Midst driving Gusts and everlasting Snows,
To sooth the *Vandal*, and the *Goth* compose ;
To tempt the North, and dare the *Baltick* Sea ;
This is a harder Task reserv'd for Thee.
And now the rugged *Swede* by thee refin'd,
Full oft revolves thy Precepts in his Mind.
The barb'rous Swain that treads the *Lapland*
Moors,
Feels of thy kindly Influence the Force ;
To thee he Consecrates his artless Lays,
And makes his homely Hut resound with LONDON'S
Praise.

SO thy own *Britons* far from Learning's Light,
War their Employ, and Arms their sole Delight,
Long wrapt in Ignorance supinely lay,
Or in the Sylvan Chace deceiv'd the livelong Day ;

But when beneath some venerable Oak
The *Druid* Sage in tuneful Measures spoke,
His list'ning Auditors at length awoke,
To his instructive Strains their Souls resign'd,
And as the Priest inform'd, the Rout refin'd.
Thus to make *Thebes* in mutual Love conspire,
*'Twas this that crown'd with Fame AMPHION'S
Lyre.*

Nor want'st thou Harmony like him to call
Attentive Rocks to form the rising Wall:
But in an Age when some sinister Star
Has doom'd the Nations to the Woes of War,
To raze the Rampires that conceal'd the Foe,
To waste his Walls, and lay his Bulwarks low,
To hurl the Fortress smoaking on the Field,
Is more a Patriot's Duty than to build.

This *Dunkirk* feels (her haughty Tow'rs o'er-
thrown) The only Place that thou hast caus'd to moan.
In vain secure for Ages in her Pride,
Has she the *Brittish* Conqueror defy'd.
At length she falls, at LONDON's Voice destroy'd,
Where MARLBRO's Arm had been in vain employ'd.

SO in pursuit of *Palestine* the blest,
The Land of Gladness, and the Seat of Rest,
March'd *Israel*'s Offspring with united Force,
When stubborn *Jericho* oppos'd their Course.
And now seven times the Sun had set and rose,
Since they in vain had held besieg'd their Foes;
At length when JOSHUA nought avail'd, the
Tow'r And Town laid naked, show'd the *Levites* Pow'r;

Their Voices rais'd, the pious Tribe prevail'd,
And the Priest prosper'd where the Hero fail'd.

WELL art thou seated in Supreme Degree,
Well are those Honours met that meet in thee.
What can enough our Gratitude display,
Or what enough thy Heav'nly Labours pay,
That staunch'd our Wounds, that bid Destruction
cease,
Gave Law to Rapine, and procur'd us Peace?
Europe in Tears, her bravest Sons destroy'd,
Suffic'd with Slaughter, and with Bloodshed cloy'd,
With suppliant Hands her Potentates besought
To quit the Field, so long, so vainly fought.
ANNA consents, her ROBINSON succeeds,
And Quiet crowns her Hero's matchless Deeds.

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! with what Joy was heard the blissful
Sound!

How did *Britannia's* Borders ring around :

All sung of Peace, of Peace in thankful Strains,

Her fam'd Metropolis, her verdant Plains,

Her Soldiers sung, her Citizens and Swains.

NOT so the Pow'rs of Hell the News receiv'd,

But *Discord* most its darling Fury griev'd.

High in the North beneath the Polar Bear,

Where ranging Whirlwinds rend the freezing Air,

Where Heav'n for ever shifts its mournful Face,

Whilst a bad Season to a worse gives place,

Where rolling Thunders have a wider Range,

Blacken the Clouds, the Winds for ever change;

The North by Fits, by Fits the East there reign,

And loud Dominion o'er the Skies maintain ;

In these bleak Realms a Fiend too sadly known,
Destructive *Discord*, rears her bloody Throne.
On a Volcano high that flames from far,
Torn with convulsive Fires and inborn War,
Pleas'd with the wild Disorders of the Clime,
The Fury holds her Seat, and smiles sublime.
On one Side Anarchy receives her Lore,
But grins malignant at superior Pow'r;
There, fond Credulity attends, and here
Proud Usurpation shakes his horrid Spear:
Murder and Fraud disperse her Seeds amain,
Whilst wild Sedition propagates the Grain;
There, blind Ambition stalks in Purple Pride,
Here, Throngts of Scandals hover round her Side.
And now rejoicing in triumphant Guilt,
In *Europe's* Blood so liberally spilt,
The Subject Fiends a solemn Song begun
Of Countries desolate and Kings undone,

Whatever Caitiff, since the Pow'rs above
Bid all their Works in Harmony to move,
Had cross'd that dread Decree, their Union broke,
And with Alarms this peaceful Planet shook,
Whether by foreign Arms, domestick Jar,
By private Treachery, or open War,
The bold Usurper wrapt in lawless Pride,
The Rebel, Murtherer, and Regicide,
Found in their Songs a Place, their Songs relate
The Hellish Champions of their Hellish State ;
Aloud they sung of Heav'n assail'd in vain,
Of TYPHON thunderstruck, and MIMAS slain,
Of Rome's Foundations laid in Brother's Blood,
Of SYLLA fierce, of ANTONY the lewd,
Of CÆSAR bleeding in the Capitol,
Of JOVE depos'd, of Pious STUART'S Fall,
Of BRADSHAW impudent, of PYM the Sage,
CROMWELL's Hypocrisy, and GUISCARD's Rage.

They

They sung, but still their discontented Queen
Thoughtful and swelling with Despight was seen ;
Frowning she fate, with inward Woe opprest,
Whilst Indignation heav'd her lab'ring Breast ;
Which thus broke forth, And must it, can it be,
Spight of the Deities of Hell and Me,
Shall *Europe* be at Peace ? Then all in vain,
My fav'rite Snakes, my ever faithful Train,
Have you thus long employ'd your venom'd Rage
With Thirst of Blood to fire a factious Age,
In vain my brave Accomplices have strove
To quench the Thought of universal Love ;
For this in vain the proffer'd Treaty cross'd :
Britain at length relents, and all my Hopes are
lost.
Capricious Chance ! and does that stubborn Isle
Obstruct my Conquests and oppose my Toil ?

Not so my Triumphs did she once abhor,
When my best CROMWELL led her Sons to War.
O might I see those glorious Days again !
At that she sigh'd, and wept with strong Disdain.
Those Glorious Days, when Schism her Shrines
defac'd,
And stern Rebellion laid her Borders waste,
Deep would I be reveng'd, the slaughtering Sword
Should reign on high, and Rapine be her Lord.
Nor Heav'n nor Time should see her Troubles cease,
But Albion's Wars should pay for Utrecht's Peace.
Yet this, even this, with Patience could I bear,
To see the Nation's undisturb'd with War,
Might I still flourish at the noisy Bar,
Still rule the Law, and that to this sad Hour,
Has been a Province sacred to my Power,

Ev'n from the Bar, since HARcourt holds the
Seals,

My Pow'r is banish'd, and my Influence fails.

Are then my Serpents of their Stings bereft?

Is there no kindly Hope of Mischief left?

None, none, whilst MORTIMER with LONDON
joins,

Vain are my Hopes, and fruitless my Designs,

Vain are my Labours, and my Projects crost,

My Empire is no more, my Glories all are lost.

SHE said, and fierce arose, when either Shoar
Strait echo'd back, my Empire is no more:
The doleful Tydings thro' th' Assembly spread,
And ev'ry Fiend in pale Confusion fled.

F I N I S.

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